

# WATCH AND WAIL ALL NIGHT LONG FOR THE PRINCE

(From Sunday's Advertiser.)

With every moment of the day there came a floral trophy to deck the bier or add to the banks of blossoms which surrounded the earthly remains of the late Prince David Kawananakoa lying in state in the old palace, now the Executive building, yesterday.

While members of the National Guard of Hawaii stood guard, relieved by their comrades at regular intervals from noon after midnight, Saturday morning, there came from all over the island those who wished to contribute even if it were but a handful of flowers in their own gardens grown, in respect to the memory of the departed all.

Not since the death of King Kalakaua has so impressive a lying in state drawn the people of this island to look upon the mortal sheath of the departed spirit of one beloved of his people.

Within the great chamber where once a throne was set and where monarchical mandates have given place to the arguments of the people's representatives, there lies the mortal envelope of one of the last few remaining royal Hawaiians while his people pay their last respects with a ceremony and pomp unique under the Stars and Stripes. Above the capitol building, which once housed a royal seat, Old Glory flies at mid-mast, while from the great pole in the grounds the Hawaiian colors are half-masted.

Upon the balconies, keeping watch throughout the long night, are men and women, arrayed in mourning, telling of the ancient deeds of princes long ago gone from earthly ken, chanting the praises of the ancestors of the time to which the dead all belonged.

Frequently the night is pierced with the howling wail and the palpitating sobs every sad emotion and yet one thought that is not sad, that through the very expression of grief in its dramatic intensity there comes the calm of consolation. Periods of lamentation, such lamentation as is heard nowhere else, alternate with silent periods of what is perhaps subconscious meditation on the one most mysterious act of life, its seeming end.

Around about the palace there gathered during the hours of darkness many and many a stranger besides the hundreds of Hawaiians who came to see and listen, and to watch in sympathy, and the fascination, the weird spell of the mourning wail, the fearful message of grief in the breaking rhythm of the wail were to them sounds they will never be able to forget and in their remembrance will they ever be reminded of the pang of parting in this life and the seeming desolation of a people because there has gone from their midst one whom they respected for himself and one of whom they thought much for that he was a representative of a great line of royal blood.

The sweep of the scents of many flowers from out the tall, wide windows of the palace across the lawns to the nostrils of the people watching in the dark; the dirges in song and instrument; the waving of the huge

feather wands, the beautiful kahilis; the tread of sentries set to guard the portals; the soft shuffling of mourners in the dim-lit hallways; the subdued murmur of saddened conversation between fellow watchers on the lanais; the stillness following those wailing notes of the meles that end in sobs; all these things sink into the soul and make of the Hawaiian royal funeral ceremonies an unforgettable sacrament.

Soon after midnight Friday, or early yesterday morning the casket, was borne from the late residence of the Prince, on Pensacola street, and carried to the throne room of what was once the palace, and all day yesterday, surrounded by a wealth of flowers, loading the atmosphere with their sweetness seemingly saddened for the occasion of bereavement, the body lay while, for a period set apart, the public was permitted to pass and gaze upon the face of him so suddenly cut down while visiting away from his native land.

The casket was borne from the late home on the shoulders of a dozen of those who were the friends of the Prince and placed in the hearse for transportation to the throne room.

About one o'clock yesterday morning the executive building was reached. There thoughtful hands had been at work in the preparation of a chamber of death made beautiful by stately young palms, plants in great jars, floral wreaths and giant bunches of blossoms. Around the hall were set one hundred and seven kahilis.

At the head of the casket, after it had been placed, were set two great silver candlesticks and each bore six wax candles, the tabu stick appearing between them. In front of the symbol of tabu rested a pillow, royally worked and decorated and a feather cloak reposed on the casket.

There were many people in the grounds of the Executive building when the remains were taken there and as day dawned the crowds increased. While the Hawaiian band was giving a sacred concert in the Capitol park there were hundreds gathered, mostly Hawaiians.

In a body, the members of the Kahumanu Society marched to the Capitol about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, entering the throne room and passing around the bier for a last look. There were also many men, from the U. S. battleships Maine and Alabama and the cruiser St. Louis, who visited the throne room and the town people included those of all walks of life, all races, creeds and opinions.

In the afternoon, when orders were given that the stream of visitors should cease, there were still many calling though they were refused admittance.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon will commence the funeral ceremonies and until then the guards and kahili bearers, mele chanters and players upon stringed instruments will continue to stand watches, relieved at intervals, and the Capitol will be given over to the Hawaiian royal dead whence the soul has fled.

## THE UNITING

By H. M. Ayres.

Another link has gone which binds the past—  
The golden past with all the present brings  
Of change, and orders new and all those things  
Which to Hawaii came in place of kings.

Who said a broken people? nay, not broke,  
But very weary, gazing on the past;  
Not from the old regime completely won,  
Scarce realizing that the die is cast.

The prince is dead and they are taking him  
In regal fashion where the dead kings dwell;  
Not broken were his people yesterday,  
But joined by minute gun and tolling bell.

Ten thousand of his race went forth to pay  
Respect to their ali, royal still—  
To show their stately queen how unforgotten,  
Love in their hearts for her was rooted still.

Not broken yesterday the native race,  
All of one heart and all of single mind,  
True to their land and queen, true, just as true,  
As in the halcyon years so far behind.

The leis have faded and the pageant's o'er,  
But unforgotten will the prince remain,  
And the proud hearts bowed down so low before,  
In David's death beat wildly free again.

## CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIABETES REMEDY.

This remedy has been in use for over thirty years and has proved itself to be the most successful remedy yet discovered for bowel complaints. It never fails. Sold by Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

The immense crowd was handled admirably, both at the Capitol, all along the route and at the entrance to the mausoleum. No accident was recorded throughout the afternoon and although the day was a warm one there seems to have been no prostrations from the heat.

# ALL LAID TO REST WITH IMPOSING CEREMONIES



—Advertiser Photo.

THE POOLA-DRAWN CATAFALQUESURROUNDED BY KAHILIS AS THE PROCESSION MOVED ALONG KING STREET AFTER LEAVING THE CAPITOL.

## Pomp and Ceremony, the Church's Stately Office for the Dead, a Forest of Kahilis, Military and Civic Organizations, Com- bine to Create a Great Pageant.

Since King Kalakaua's remains were borne to their final depository there has been nothing in local history so impressive as was yesterday's magnificent spectacle of the funeral of the late Prince David Kawananakoa.

In line there were twenty-five hundred men and women, nearly all Hawaiians, while perhaps the largest crowd Honolulu has ever seen lined the streets, lanais, balconies and roofs to observe the passage of the great parade, a parade that was as dignified as it was impressive, and as impressive as it was magnificent.

Twenty-five thousand people edged the curbs, crowded the windows and filled verandas and balconies from the Capitol grounds all along King street to Nuuanu, and all the way up Nuuanu to the very gates of the royal mausoleum.

On King street, near the exit of the palace grounds, the sidewalks were blocked and the large park enclosed by high railings was the gathering place for hundreds who, when the catafalque left the grounds, rushed to the railings to peer over to catch a glimpse of the line of march, as much of it as had not already formed along King street toward Nuuanu.

In Palace square there were thousands, many of whom fell in after the last of the procession was under way and followed on along for the entire solemn march.

King street presented the most lively appearance it has taken on in many years, for business houses and residences, both, had their windows and other places of observation in use. There was a jam at the corner of Fort and King streets and cars could not pass along either.

It took the procession thirty-five minutes to pass this point, the entire march occupying from 2.15 o'clock to 2.45 o'clock, one hour and a half, the line being considerably over a mile and one half in length.

### A WONDERFUL PROCESSION.

The people of any city in the world would look astonished at such a turnout, as Honolulu yesterday observed, in honor of a departed ali. In line there were marines and sailors of the United States battleships Maine and Alabama, soldiers from Fort Shafter, men of the National Guard of Hawaii, the members of all the Hawaiian patriotic and beneficial societies, men and women, Federal and Territorial officers, the consular representatives of many nations, friends and relatives of the Prince, and all or nearly all of those on this island who were in any way connected with the monarchical government or who were identified

with Hawaiian government affairs when these islands were ruled by royalty.

The throngs that bordered the streets leading to the mausoleum were impressed to quietness, nor was there any rushing ahead to catch up with the line; indeed the line was too long for that and kept all still to see it pass in its entirety. And the procession swept along to solemn and moving music in all the grandeur of an immense body of humanity intent upon one idea.

### IN THE THRONE ROOM.

In the throne room of the palace here gathered soon after noon the ones chosen for the acts of the ceremonies preceding the last rites. Kahili bearers, feather cloaked attendants, military men, priests, singers, mourners and pallbearers, together with Federal and Territorial representatives, consular representatives of foreign nations and officers from the warships in the harbor took up what room there was in the great hall not already occupied by palms and flowers and symbols of royalty.

The inspiring services of the Catholic church were held over the beautiful 'koa casket that held the earthly remains of the Prince. Bishop Albert presided, wearing the full vestments for such solemn functions, assisted by numerous priests and sanctuary boys, and the stirring intonations of the words of the ceremony were not far different in effect than were the chanting of the old Hawaiian invocations at other times.

And while the office for the dead was being said within the throne room, where all heads were bowed with the weight of thought suggested by the sound rather than the word of the ceremony, for much of it was in Latin, outside the Capitol building there were hundreds upon hundreds gathered in the park, arrayed along the building's front, lined along the lawns under the cocoanuts and wedged against the masonry of the outer boundary, while beyond, in the square, packed to the Opera House and to the statue of Kamehameha there were hundreds more.

The marines of the battleships Maine and Alabama marched to the square about 1 o'clock, entered through the main gate and took position, facing the driveway with their backs to the crowds under the cocoa palms on the Walkiki side, the military facing them in a similar heavy line across the approachway to the Capitol.

### THE HAWAIIAN SOCIETIES.

Along King street, toward Nuuanu, had lined up the Hawaiian societies. In the rear and on either side of the Capitol building there awaited the

carriages of the chief mourners and of government and consular people.

Marshal Curtis P. Iaukea, clad in the uniform he wore as colonel of the staff of King Kalakaua and at the jubilee of Queen Victoria in London over twenty years ago, was mounted on a horse that answered his every touch and was here and there and everywhere, while the marshal's aids, the mounted police, and Chief of Detectives Taylor and the police generally had their work well in hand, so that there were no unhappy incidents in the whole great procession or the crowd that attended.

Incense and intoned words of priests, the sacred songs of men and women who could not be seen for the flowers and plants and the tall forest of kahilis that hid them, the strong, noble voice of Father Valentine, adding a beauty to the words, the stately feathered columns reared in the hands of significantly decorated retainers of royalty, the magnificence of the whole picture and the import of the whole scene and event moved many in the throne room to weeping, and at the moment of the descent or removal of the great tabu stick, a huge walrus ivory piercing a huge gilded ball near the point, and the raising of the casket by the pallbearers for transfer to the awaiting catafalque at the foot of the Capitol front steps, a hush fell over the multitude—a hush of respect within, a stillness of expectancy without.

### THE MINUTE GUNS.

Up to this time, and during the solemn services within, the sky had been somewhat overcast, but at the moment of the emergence of the 'koa casket from the portal of the Executive building the cloud that had obscured the full rays of the sun passed away and an unobscured brilliance blessed the people.

And at the moment of the passing of the casket from the Capitol there was wig-wagged from the topmost place of the building, by men of the National Guard Signal Corps, the signal that the procession was about to start.

Within a few seconds there was heard the first of the minute guns on Punchbowl, which kept up their reverberating salutes until the arrival of the long line at the gates of the mausoleum.

### THE CATAFALQUE.

The catafalque used to convey the remains of Prince David is that which was constructed to carry the body of Queen Dowager Kapiolani, and it was surmounted by a crown which was borne above the catafalque of King Kalakaua.

Marines and soldiery stood at attention as the funeral car received the 'koa casket, and a hundred kodaks were snapping to catch the historic event.

On the main lanai of the Capitol there awaited the widow, Princess Kawananakoa, heavily veiled and supported by Prince Jonah Kūhiō Kalanianaʻole, the Misses Campbell, Mrs. Fairchild, Colonel Samuel Parker and Mrs. Parker, and other members of the family, while their carriages were brought around from the Ewa side of the building.

The carriage of the widow and Prince Kūhiō immediately followed the remains, and on either side were kahili

bearers, a knee-breeched footman, wearing the royal insignia, assisting Princess Kawananakoa to enter.

The carriage of Queen Liliuokalani passed along unoccupied, the Queen preceding the procession so as to be at the mausoleum to receive the remains.

### SUGGESTIVE SOUNDS.

The orders of the officers of the Army and Navy detachments, the seemingly spontaneous wailing of men and women in the famed Hawaiian manner, in the incessant, harrowing monotone that stirs until already overcharged emotions overflow, the prancing of the beautiful animals drawing the carriage of the chief mourners, the march of the pools, wearing the yellow capes and drawing the catafalque, the breaking into dirge music by the Hawaiian band and the boom of the guns from their station on Punchbowl every sixty seconds, all went to make up a world of suggestive sound that swelled the impressiveness of the event.

The National and Territorial or Hawaiian colors half-masted, the crowds moving with the start of the procession in order to get to King street to see it pass, the utter absence of vehicles not connected with the funeral, the vast array of men and women and children, adorned in their best, the brave show of naval and military forces, the splendid dignity of all the men and women in the line of march, people with whom dignity is a natural and noble grace, all these things made a picture of which Moving Picture Expert Bonine, photographers and snap-shooters by the score caught but a glimpse, and the panorama of the pageant will live in perfection only in the memories of those who observed its magnificence.

### THE PRINCESS KAWANANAKOA.

Princess Kawananakoa bore up bravely throughout, as far as those whose eyes could not penetrate her veil could see, though closer observers felt for her more keenly, and, though all the ceremony was beautiful and grand, wished that she might be spared the pain of constant reminder of the death of the body when she might prefer solitary meditation upon the freedom of the spirit of her late husband. It was hardest for her at the end of the long journey to the mausoleum, when she had to alight from her carriage, with Prince Kalanianaʻole, and for a few moments wait before following the casket into the mausoleum, for at that time the walling broke out afresh, the Hawaiian band played "Hawaii Pono!" and the people who had formed the big line of march surged about the stone resting place of the dead, so that the eyes of all were on the center of the dramatic incident, the carrying of the casket to its repository.

### THE MIST OF RAIN.

It has always rained upon the entombment of an ali and yesterday was no exception. The rain fell upon the uncovered heads of the men who were watching, upon the white uniform dresses of one Hawaiian society and upon the black silks of another, upon the red shirts of still another and upon the rifles of the soldiery; upon the veil of the widow and upon the highly polished surface of the 'koa shell con-

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